



# The Walls of Fahr



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## Chapter 1 by TushCzar

The walls of Fahr are everything that stands between freedom and slavery. For five years, Sargoth has fought this losing war. Only the hope that the rumor of this young pale-haired girl, leading the Resistance, is true keeps the Captain's spirit alive. The enemy is at the gates. His men grow restless.

"We need to get out there and fight, captain." It was Uther, trying hard to hide how furious he was at their inactivity, but failing miserably.

"That is exactly what they want us to do, lure us out from the safety of our walls. We are what is all left of the Imperial Army. A single man lost here makes the enemy's job of taking over Sargoth easier. All we can do is delay the enemy, so that the Resistance can attack their supply lines." The Captain tried to convince Uther, struggling to stay calm.

"With all due respect, sir, the Resistance is a myth. I'd rather die fighting, a sword through my heart than see the countryside burn, people butchered like cattle."

"I am afraid your life is not your own right now. We are at war, lieutenant. I have been given the responsibility of the men that man the walls here. It is I who is to decide if you die today."

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